wooing; win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I ſhould win what you would enioy? Methinkes you preſcribe to your ſelfe very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, vnderſtand my drift; ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my ſoule dares not preſent it ſelfe; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelues, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattaild againſt me; what ſay you too't, Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Maſter *Broome*, I will firſt make bold with your mony, next, giue me your hand; and laſt, as I am a Gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enioy *Fords wife*.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no *Miſtreſſe Ford* (Maſter *Broome*) you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment, euen as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or goe-betweene, parted from me; I ſay I ſhall be with her betweene ten and eleuen, for at that time the iealious-raſcally-knaue her husband will be forth; come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance; do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore; They ſay the iealous wittolly-knaue hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well-fauourd: I will vſe her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harueſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, ſir, that you might auoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-ſalt-butter rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe-him with my cudgell: it ſhall

ſhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds hor
Broome, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate
pezant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to
at night: *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggrauate his
(Maſter *Broome*) ſhalt know him for knaue, and
Come to me ſoone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Raſcall is
heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who ſa
improuident iealouſie? my wife hath ſent to
howre is fixt, the match is made; would any
thought this? ſee the hell of hauing a faire wo
bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my
gnawne at, and I ſhall not onely receiue this
wrong, but ſtand vnder the adoption of abh
termes, and by him that does me this wrong:
names: *Amaimon* ſounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Ba*
yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fien
Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold! the Diuell himſelfe
ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſſe, a ſecure Aſſe; he
his wife, hee will not bee iealous; I will ra
a *Fleming* with my butter, Perſon *Hugh* the
with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh man* with my Aqua-vi
or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding,
wife with her ſelfe. Then ſhe plots, then ſhee
then ſhee deuiſes; and what they thinke in th
they may effect; they will breake their hearts
will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealouſ
o'clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect
bee reueng'd on *Falſtaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I
it, beter three houres too ſoone, then a mynute
fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, F

Caius. Iacke Rugby.